It is a singularly interesting book that Mr. E. B. SANBORN has given us in the Life of A. nson Alcolf (Roberts Brothers). In the bistory of New England, and one might even say of the nineteenth century. Bronson Alcott was a unique figure. He had none of the ducational advantages by which the New England intellect has from the outset been trained, and yet he was to reflect high honor upon the New England intellect. He was a teacher who had never himself been taught; a thinker who knew but little at first hand of the thoughts of others; a philosopher to whom the strivings and acquisitions of the long line of philosophers were, until he had reached middle life, almost non-existent. When we think of what he accomplished and the means by which it was done, we can only compare him with those early Greek cosmologists and metaphy-mistans who lived long before there was such a thing as a school of philosophy, and who had to evolve everything for themselves from first principles to practical development. One can easily understand how an inventor can effect great things without a university education; can even comprehend how a privatelytaught and self-taught man like Grote can comose a history of Greece, because he possessed so requisite instrument in an adequate, if not entirely accurate, knowledge of the Greek language. It is hard, on the other hand, to see how a man can be an original thinker when he es not know what has been said before. when the products of thought transmitted to us in the Greek, Latin, German, and French aguages are shut off from him except brough the medium of tardily obtained, fragtary and untrustworthy translations. Let the fact is that Bronson Alcott was a thinker and a teacher: that during a were part of his later life he exerted a great deal of influence upon a fit audience. ugh few; and that without any superlative literary gift and quite devoid of the ing which best fits the man of letters for ats task, he yet possessed what many scholars ked-an original and profound habit of mind directed toward the most serious quesions that can occupy the mind of man. Against what odds and amid what continuous drawbacks he came to be what he was is reconted in Mr. Sanborn's biography, while the scope and quality of his teachings and his re-lations to the Concord School of Philosophy are set forth by Mr. William T. Harris in a pplementary chapter.

. Bronson Alcott is one of the mer, about whose progenitors one is particularly anmas to learn something, because only on the theory of reversion can one account for the trend of his philosophical speculations and even for things relatively so trivial as his attitude toward money getting and his remarkably distinguished manners. How did it happen that the son of a Connecticut farmer, who in his own youth followed the calling of a peddler, ld have come to despise every species of work that had a money value and assume the manners attributed in popular opinion to a great nobleman? The secret, if discoverable all, must be looked for somewhere in the line of Alcott's ancestry. There is but little doubt that he had a right to the arms granted in 1218 to Thomas Alcocke of Silbertoft, in county of Leicester, although he himself in his youth changed the ancestral name. which had been corrupted to Alcox, into the form since made memorable by histalents and those of his daughter Louisa. No one before him apparently had borne the name of Alcott. ough "Olcott," another form of the same patronymic, had come into use in another Connecticut family. The first ancestors of the two branches of the family in this country were Thomas Alcocke, from whom the New Haven branch descended, and George Alcocke. whose son John settled in Roxbury, Mass. These two brothers, Thomas and George, came over with the elder Winthrop in 1630. They were persons of substance, seeming. ly of the same English family as the famous John Alcocke. Bishop of Ely, who flourished in the Wars of the Roses. Of course, the latter, being a celibate priest could not have been the ancestor of Bronson Alcott; but the latter plously looked up the history of this notable man, and believed that there were some traits in common between them still discernible across the while, therefore, for the biographer to collect some information concerning this celebrated who, in 1486, under Henry VIL, aucconded the still better known Morton in the educated at Cambridge, became Dean of Westminster, and in 1470 was sent by Edward IV. as was made Bishop of Rochester, and finally Bishop of Ely, in which post he died in 1500. He evinced such an aptitude for architecture that he was made for a time comptroller of the royal works and buildings, and in his private caand schools, endowed Feter House and founded Jesus College, besides a free grammar school at Hull and a collegiate church in Westbury. He is described as liberal in hospitality, but himself a pious scholar who asted. watched, and prayed while laboring with cheerful kindliness for the advance-ment of true religion. Fuller says in his "Worthies" that "had saintship gone as ch by merit as favor, he deserved one as

see, the money lost during the four years spent in peddling would have sufficed to give the

ing man a college education. Young Amos, like other farmers' boys of New England, was early enlisted in the labors of the household and the farm. He says in an autobiographical sketch: "I assisted my parents in husbandry and housewifery during my childhood and early youth. From the age of six to ten years I attended the common school near my father's house during nine months of the year, and from ten till I was fourteen during the winter months. Our were set by the schoolmaster in books made of two sheets of foolscap stitched together and ruled with a leaden We used ink made of maple and oak bark steeped in indigo and alum, which we manu factured ourselves. With this I began keeping a diary of my day's doings, with some en tries of the weather and events, at twelve years of age; it contained also some notice of my reading and a catalogue of the books Of course, such rudimentary in struction in reading, writing, and arithmetic as was obtainable at a common school during some months of each year could not much advance the pupils in the way of learning, unless they supplemented their school work with reading and private study. This Alcott did, so far as he was able. Books, however, were few and difficult of access, and there were hardly a hundred volumes in the parish library; but the boy got permission to visit on Saturday afternoon the farmhouses for miles around to examine their small collections. These always contained the Bible, and, perhaps, half a dozen other books, among them Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," Hervey's Young's "Night Thoughts. and Burgh's "Dignity of Human Nature." a book then in much vogue among the country people of New England. Young Alcott readily got leave to borrow these household treasures, and it was his custom to carry away and read the "Pilgrim's Progress" once a year. This book, more than any other, seems to have given direction to his fancies and previsions of life. The entries in his diary show that he also read at this time 'Paradise Lost,' "Robinson Crusoe," and Thomson's "Seasons. Books, indeed, were his principal solace and delight, and he used to read constantly of evenings or while resting from work at noon. during his father's pap or pull at the tobacco pipe. Sometimes, too, the barefoot boy would take his book affeld with him and read under the wall or by some tree while the exen rested in the furrow. In the spring of 1814 he went to work at a clock factory two miles from his father's house, and remained there putting clocks together during the ummer and autumn. Though skilful with his hands, he was dissatisfied with this work and was allowed to go home at the New Year, 1815; then it was that he went for three months to the school of the Rev. Mr. Keys, where he studied arithmetic and grammar, and gave much attention to writing. After this one term of tuition under a competent instructor, he began his peregrinations as a peddler journeying on foot with a cousin as far as western Massachusetts, selling small articles from house to house. The boys made two trips, but earned no money. Next, Alcott travelled alone, and this time into eastern New York, obtaining subscribers for a popular religious work. Flavel on "Keeping the Heart."

111.

It was customary at the beginning of this entury, and, indeed, for forty years later, for sducated young men from New England to begin life by teaching school or serving as private tutors in the Southern States. Even if their education had been gained only at a common school they thought themselves competent, and generally were so, to teach the local schools in the South. When, therefore, in October, 1818, Bronson Alcott left home on his way to Virginia his hope and confident expectation were to find a school not far from Norfolk where he might teach children through the winter, earn his own living, and contribute something to the family expenses. The result of his first experiment is recounted in his autobiography: "Oct. 13, 1818—Sailed from New Haven for Virginia, hoping to teach a common school in that State. Finding this difficult, if not quite ridiculous, I commenced hawking small articles, as almanaes and tinware, about the city of Norfolk; and in the spring, travelled in the surrounding countles with sundry small articles of housewifery. Returned by way of New York, with a jaunt chasm of nearly 400 years. It was worth | into New Jersey, staying there for a month or six weeks, and reached Walcott in May, 1818. Besides a suit of clothes I brought home eighty odd dollars for my father, wh building a house on the site of the old one. In the following November I again a New Haven with my brother. Chatfield Alcox. to engage in peddling as before-desiring to Ambassador to Castille: in the next year he aid my father to pay for the house he was building, and, more especially, to improve my knowledge of the world by such intercourse with the cultivated classes of the South as was permitted to a travelling chapman and youth such as I then was."

The general result of Alcott's peddling ven-

tures, which were prosecuted for five years in Virginia and the Carolinas, was disastrous from a pecuniary point of view. Instead of assisting his father, these journeys imposed upon the latter a net loss of four hundred and twenty dollars, somewhat less than the same time spent in the college and professional school at New Haven would have cost. His intercourse, however, with the Virginians is deemed by the biographer to have been of great service to Alcott. It is true that he entered the planters' houses only as a peddler.

his uncle was then at the head of an academy, he obtained the position of village schoolmas course of school reform such as had not been seen before and has not been since in New England. He anticipated most of changes afterward wrought by Horace Mann and others in the public school system, and, without any intimate knowledge of what had been done by Pestalozzi in Switzerland, he followed the same ideal path, and accomplished similar results in his small field of action. So marked was the success of the young reformer in the eyes of intelligent observers, that they began to praise it in the newspapers. The attention of the Rev. S. J. May, who had been for some years pastor of a society in Brooklyn. Conn., and whose niece Alcott subsequently married, was directed toward this superior school. No doubt Alcott suffered during his reforming years as schoolmaster in Chesire from a suspicion, which even then was well founded, that he was not sound in the orthodox faith. He was more or tess obstructed by the petty, carping spirit of the community.

and, when in the town of Cheehire, where

taught as one having authority, and not as the scribes. Mr. Sanford suggests that they would have been still more surprised if they could have read some of the reflections this Connecticut Rousseau was setting down in his private journal. We can discern in them the gorm of that radicalism in which Alcott was to lead for a long period his brethren of the Transcendentalist school of opinion. Thus, under date of Dec. 6, 1826, we find in his diary a passage which has a bearing on the question of scriptural authority, although dealing apparently with books in general: "It is not from books entirely that instruction is to be drawn. They should lie by us for occasional instruction only. When doubts and uncertainties arise they may sometimes explain the difficulty and point to the truth. Frequently, however, they may lead us astray; they are imperfect. Adherence to them has been the cause, and still continues to be, of perpetuating errors among men, and that to an niarming extent. Ideas, when recorded in a book, carry with them a kind of dignity and certainty which awe many into implicit belief. They often impose the most irrational and absurd conclusions on the peaceful understanding. It dares not doubt: fear keeps it ignorant: authority lifts her head and commands instant belief; reason thus hushed into silence sleeps in serene repose. To think for herself is denominated pride and arrogance. Millions of human minds are in this state of slavery and How shall they escape? Rebel. Think for themselves: let others grumble. Dare to be singular; let others deride. Follow reason; let others dwell in the land of enchantment. Be men; let others prattle. Practice; let others profess. Do good; let others define goodness. Act; let others sleep. Whatsoever thy hand findest to do, that do with all thy

world speculate on thy proceeding."

The effect produced by Alcott at this time on highly intelligent men may be inferred from a letter written by the Rev. Samuel J. May. who. as we have said, made his acquaintance while he was keeping the Cheshire school. Mr. May says: "I have never but in one instance been so immediately taken possession of by any man I ever met in life. He seemed to me like a born sage and saint. He was a radical in all matters of reform; went to the root of all theory, especially the subject of education, mental and moral culture." Mr. May suggested a comparison between Alcott and Pestolozzi. There is no doubt that the method of instruction which addresses the child's sensations and conceptions directly, and forms his mind by constantly exercising his powers instead of making it a passive receptacle, was as original with the one as with the other. But Alcott added a mystic, Platonic tings to his system, which was not so evident in Pastalozzi's. In one respect the two reformers were alike. Alcott, like Pestalozzi, as the ord of his successive schools at Cheshire, Philadelphia, and Boston show, was constantly at a disadvantage in dealing with affairs; nor was he ever so fortunate as to find a coadjutor, who could supply the practical and very soon propose either to sit ability to match and complete his own idealism. Hence the brovity of his success in every place where he taught and his frequent re- | all literature is good or bad as it approaches State. But the best men and women everywhere aided his plans, rejoiced in his success, and knew how to pardon his failures. Among the consequences of the Cheshire school the biographer would reckon not only Mr. Alcott's self-exile from Connecticut, first to Philadelphia and afterward to Boston. but his courtship and marriage, his fortunate domestic life, and all the literature with which his daughter Louisa has delighted the hearts of the children whom her father was so eager to instruct and amuse. Shortly after their marriage Mrs. Alcott wrote to her brother: "My husband is the perfect personification of modesty and moderation. I am not sure that we shall not blush into obscurity and contemplate into starvation." There were times in their career when this misgiving seemed to be on the point of fulfilment, but the end was fortunate, and the wife and mother deserved

eventually the Temple school had to be given up, the coup de grace being given to it in 1838 by the admission of a colored child.

VI.

tator and reformer, and is closely connected

tion of slavery and the outburst of what is called transcendentalism in New England. In 1837 Alcott was generally spoken of as the leader of the Boston transcendentalists, a distinction afterward given to Emerson, chiefly in consequence of his Divinity School address of 1838, which stirred to the very bottom the calm lake of Unitarian theology. These two friends, of whom Alcott was by more than three years the elder, were originators of the somewhat famous Transcendental Club, which met under various names from 1836 to 1850. This small gathering of friends was first called the Symposium, and met for the first time in September, 1830, at the house of George Ripley, then a minister in Emerson said many years later, speaking of Roston. In October it met again at Mr. his friend's conversations: "Mr. Alcott is al-Alcott's house, when there were present ways Don Quixote, and his audience is always Emerson, Ripley, F. H. Hedge, Orestes A Sancho Panza." But, at first, the carnestness, Brownson, J. F. Clarke, and C. A. Bartol. affection, and superiority of the young teacher Among other members of the club mentioned carried all before him. The adult persons who by Mr. Alcott in his Autobiographical Collecwitnessed the progress of his school were astions were Convers Francis, Theodore Parker. William H. Channing, Henry D. Thoreau, and tonished at what they saw and heard, for he Margaret Fuller. Emerson had published his first volume, a system of spiritual philosophy. in 1836, under the title of "Nature," He consulted Alcott occasionally in regard to its trend of thought; and it was the belief of some, and of Alcott himself, that those portions of the last chapter which are ascribed to " a certain poet" were derived in part from his conversation with the elder mystic. The following sentence, for example, more resembles the thought and dialect of Alcott than that of Emerson in later years: "Infancy is the perpetual Messiah which comes into the arms of fallen men and pleads with them to return to paradise." It was about the time when 'Nature" came out that Emerson wrote to his schoolmate and lifelong friend, the Rev. W. H. Furness: "I shall always love you for loving Alcott. He is a great man; the god with the herdsmen of Admetus. I cannot think you know him now, when I remember how long he has been here (away from Philadelphia), for he grows every month. His conversation is sublime; yet when I see how he is underestimated by cultivated people, I fancy none but I have heard him talk." Later, in 1842, Emerson wrote of Alcott more at length and more discriminatingly: "I saw him for the first time in Boston in 1835. He is a man of ideas, a man of faith. Expect his contempt for all usages which are simply such. His social nature and his taste for beauty and magnificence will betray him into tolerance and indulgence even to men and to magnificence; but a statute or a practice he is condemned to measure by its essential wisdom or folly. He delights in speculation-in nothing so much-and is well endowed and weaponed for that work with a copious, accurate, and elegant vocabulary—I may say poetic; so that I know no man who speaks such good English as he and is so inventive withal. He might, and let a gainsaying, calumniating speaks truth truly; the expression is adequate. Yet he knows only this one language. He hardly needs an antagonist; he needs only an intelligent ear. When he is greeted by loving, intelligent persons, his discourse soars to a wonderful height; s. regular, so lucid, so playful, so new and disdainful of all bounda ries of tradition and experience that the hearers seem no longer to have bodies or material gravity, but almost they can mount

stands of the Mandanian and the Section of S

of the noble few. Both chop logic, both are nen of understanding, neither apprehends the being of post and seer; the high works of po-etic genius, the marvels of holiness, are beyond their grasp, although both are good and useful men. They eschew belief in other than bare This chapter in Mr. Alcott's life was typical and barren reasoning, which is the life of the and important, and receives at Mr. Sanborn's hands the attention it deserves. It was the inscleetic school, and refuse credence to all else. There are a few minds whose views do not in troduction to his long career as a public agiall respects coincide with the doctrines of the colectic school. These persons have been with his earlier and later interest in the abolinamed after the German Transcendentalists. a name among us at this time indicative of all that is fanciful, wild, and underout. These, therefore, are assumed as wanting in good sense, unworthy the name of philosopher, and without the graces of genuine piety; they are called Pantheists. Emerson, Hedge, Furness. and myself are classed in this number. Thus there are now the eclectic, the transcendental, the rational doctrines, each with their representatives; and in each spiritualism reveals itself as the antagonist of the sensual philosophy which has so long had the ascendancy. The tendency of the age is obviously toward spiritualism; and though our language, literature, science, art, and institutions are all tinged with the material element, yet the spir-

itual is destined to prevail." VIII. We cannot follow Mr. Sanford step by step through his biography of Alcott, as we would reserve some space for Mr. Harris's critical estimate. We would not however, altogether pass over Alcott's visit to England, for which, as he was altogether without means, the necessary money was provided by Emerson mainly from his own purse. On May 8, 1842, Alcott sailed for England with ten sovereigns in his pocketbook and a bill of exchange for £20 on Baring Brothers. His purpose was to confer with the most eminent educators and philanthronists, in the hope of exchanging intelligence and of importing into the United States whatever hints had been struck out in England on the subject of literature and the first philosophy. He found but little encouragement, though he did meet with a few enthusiastic persons who partook of his own philanthropic idealism and were eager to join his private efforts at social reform. Carlyle and he proved antipathetic. In a letter written at the time he says: "Rode to Chelsea and passed an hour with Carlyle. Ah, me! Saul among the prophets! It must have been a dark hour with him. He seemed impatient of interruption, faithless quite, in all social reform. His wit was sombre, severe, hopeless; his very merriment had madness in it; his humor was tragic even to tears. There lay smouldering in him a whole French revolution, a Cromwellian rebellion; nor could the rich mellowness of his voice, deepened as it was and made more musical by his broad northern accent, hide from me the restless melancholy, the memory feeding on hope, the decease of all prophecy in the grave of history. I told him the dead only dealt with the dead; that the living breathed only with the living. The man is sick; he needs rest. I know his ailment; I know its cure. Emerson will sadden when you tell him what I write; but here is another of the thousand confirmations of that suicide by the pen in which literature abounds. I will not turn on my heel to see another man; and the women are tragic all (Mrs. Carlyle, Mrs. Fox. &c.); these doleful daughters of Britain, they mourn even in their joys." Again, on Aug. 2, he writes: "I have seen Carlyle once more: but we quarrelled outright. abides not here; her home is in the clouds save when she descends on the meadows or treads the groves of Concord." Although Carries of tradition and experience that the hearers seem no longer to have bodies or material gravit, but almost they can mount into the air at pleasure, or leap at one bound out of this poor solar system. I say this of his speech exclusively, for when he attempts to write he loses, to my judgment, all his power. * He has, moreover, the greatest possession both of mind and temper in his discourse, so that the mastery and moderation and foresight and yet felicity with which he unfolls his thoughts are not to be surpassed. This is important osuch a broacher of novelties as he is, and to one baited, as he is very apt to be, by sticklers for old books or old institutions. He takes such delight in the exercise of this faculty that he will willing. It takes the work of the surpassed this faculty that he will willing. It takes will have been of advand most part of a night, and then again to-morrow, for days successively; and if Lwho am impartient of much speaking, draw him out to walk in the wools or fields, he will stop at the first fence, and very soon propose either to stid down or to return. He seems to think society exists for this function, and that all ilterature is good or bad as it approaches colloque, which is its perfection. Poems and histories may be good, but only as adumbrations of this; and the only true manner of writing the literature of a nation would be to convene the best heads in the community, set them talking, and then introduce stenographers to recort what they say. He so swiftly plants himself on the moral sentiment in any conversation is ended all is over. He lives to more well as the severation is ended all is over. He lives to more was a body and free provides and the convenience of him unless he be a saint. Everyone else Alcott will but in the wrong. It must be convenient to be supprehended; the convenient has been satisfactory. He as swiftly plants himself on the moral sentiment in any conversation is ended all is over. He lives to more way and dispust the second of the many a bold and free lyle subsequently wrote Alcott a letter of adieu which was civil enough, he hardly treated Emerson's most intimate American friend

can be in a state of mind to perceive truth. Argument of this kind alcott did not engage in; he seconized that it was simply gootism in; he seconized that it was simply gootism many a sturdy debater fancied himself the brilliant victor because he asked alcott a question which the latter declined to answer, the question having assumed premises utterly inadequate. On this point Mr. Harris romarks that those who clamor loudest for proof generally do not know what proof mean and hence do not recognize real proof when it is shown to them. They whom it is proof is something requiring the active participation of the contraining force from given it is always ineffectual against stuportion in the contraining force from which it indefence bigotry, or self concell. The printing indefence bigotry, or self concell. The man of insight sees that it is child's play—a mere placing of the inevitable dogmatism, a step or two further lack—that is all. Emeracon was careful to refrain from argument. He concessid to a dogmatist who, after listenite, to his lecture, demanded proof of history. No it was with Alcott. His art require active arrayed into anying anying that require active arrayed into anying anying that require active and of pure reason by means of conversation. His proofs were to be found in the responsive, sympathetic movement of the minds of the persons thus drawn.

Mr. Harris thinks that, by suggesting that Alcott was a theologic idealist, instead of an ethical or asstateinal idealist, like Emerson, he has given a clue to his style as a writer. Emerson always insisted that Alcott as atmitiate of an ethical or asstateinal idealist, instead of an insigh. For his own part, Mr. Harris, on the other hand, is pure at the responsive, was poor: "There was no go in it. In the responsive and in the season of the contrained with the dorine of insight was given by alcott and expanded by minds and contrained and correspondence between man and his colossal image, built by him as Demiurgua, the idea celebrated by the "Ornhie pool in

referred to in a mixed crowd. But she has neither husband nor children?

e here reproduce: Takes sunbeams, spring waters,
Earth's juices, meads, creams,
Bathes in floods of sweet ethers,
Comes haptized from the stream
Guest of lim, the sweet-lipped,
The Dreamer's quaint dreams.

"Mingle moras itsyline
With Samuan fable,
Samuan and floor creats.

of Fintarch's chaste table.

Fledges Zeus, Zoronster,
Tasies Cana's gind cheer;
The ements there.
Bowle of surrise for breakfast,
Brimful of the East;
Foaming flagons of frolle
His evening's gay feast,
Boy'reign soilds of nature,
Solar seeds of the sphere,
Olympian viand
Eurprising as rare.

Thus baiting his genius.
His wonderful word
Brings poets and shyls
To sup at his board.
Feeds thus and thus fares he,
tpeeds thus and thus cares he,
Thus faces and graces
Life's long euthanasies.
His gifts unahated,
Transfigured, translated,
Transfigured, translated,
The idealist prudent,
Saint, poet, priest, student,
Philosopher, he.

M. W. H. MISJUDGED BY APPEARANCES.

How a Pretty Blue-grass Girl on He Kentucky girls are born to adventure, but one in particular, who last week left her native blue grass to tread the unresponsive granite of New York pavements, thinks she has had

rather more than her share of experiences. The young woman in question has only nineteen summers and one less winter to her credit, but she has made good use of her time and is a particularly pretty girl-yes! ever for a Kentucky girl. Previous to one eventfu day last week she had lived under the watchful light of her mother's eyes. Then, as be fore stated, she bade her tearful family a still more tearful adieu, and turned a temporarily

red and swollen face northward. Now, her mother had lain awake the night before conjuring up visions of the horrible so cidents, mortal sickness, and sudden death which were sure to overtake her child. And like a wise mother she cast about in her mind for some panacea with which she could pro vide the young traveller. Being a Kentucky mother she hadn't much trouble in arriving a a decision, and early the following morning she slipped a filled and generous flask into her daughter's bag, with the remark that it was

They experience age, don't they? Not unless they marry. Then why marry, if they have eterned ; unmarried? I give it un. Is an old maid a more desirable quantity to the human economy than an old bachelor? Infinitely, more or less. Why?

Because an old maid is handy to have eround the house. In what way? She's a woman.

THE OLD MAID.

That is to Say, a Woman Who is

Do you see the lady?

She is Miss Somebodyorother.

Because she has no Mr. attachment.

I mean she is unmarried; which is somewhat

You mean she has no husband?

She is independent of men, then?

As independent as women ever are.

They want to be; or they say they de.

Don't women always say what they mean?

This one is rich; and a rich unmarried we-

onn can say and do what she pleases regard-

She could marry, then, if she so desired?

Oh, yes; money is quite attractive to meet

Can't a poor woman marry if she wants to?

not had a proposal of marriage some time in

A woman doesn't marry for the mere sake of

Because some unmarried women, or their parents or guardians, have an idea that it is

Yes, after a certain age; that is to say, see

not the proper thing to become an old maid.

The woman doesn't live, I fancy, who has

I do see the lady.

Who is she?

Why not Mrs.?

ore comprehensive.

Aren't they all so?

men seeking wives.

parrying, as a rule.

her life.

Why?

Yes.

An old maid?

What age?

Ask her.

What is an old maid ?-

ple give them that name.

How old is this one?

Is there in a woman's?

Would she tell?

Not in a man's.

I never asked her.

This unmarried woman in.

Are all unmarried women?

No definite figure has been fixed.

There's nothing wrong in one's age is the

There must be, for they don't libe to have the

How is it in this instance?

less of the men to a great extent.

Then why doesn't she marry

As an exception, does she?

There are some exceptions.

Not always.

That makes no difference. Why doesn't it? Because having no especial claim on any body, everybody claims her as a present hele in every kind of trouble. Does she recognize the claim? Ninety-nine times in a hundred.

How do you know?
I've seen families, father, mother and children, dominated, consolidated and regulated by the benign influence of an old maid. How does she effect it? By having sense enough to know what to do

and energy enough to do it. Then she ought to make a good wife? Not necessarily; she is the missing link which the family needs. Is the old bachelor any good in that line?

Once in a million times; by accident. Aren't some old maids sour and ugly? Yes, just as some wives are. Then it isn't because they are old maids? Not as a rule.

Doesn't the Bible say it is better to marry?

Yes, but "marry" in that instance doesn's mean the mere legal association of a man and woman. What does it mean?

It means marriage of heart and soul and mind and all: perfect union.

Then the woman does right in not marrying merely because other people think she ought? She does, indeed. The old maid may be happy, then !

Quite so. But what of the ties of love and family and all that we hear about among the married? She doesn't have them. Not more than hundreds of other things she thinks she'd like to have and doesn't, and still

she gets along very comfortably and content edly without then Doesn't her nature cry for it? Not so much in practice as in theory. Do old maids like men? The right kind do.

What are the right kind? Those who are cheerful and comparionable. The sour ones don't, do they? No: nor nobody else much. Why is this? They were born that way. They wouldn't have been pleasant wives and nothers, then, if they had married?

All the chances are they would not Doesn't disappointment in love sour one? It does sometimes, but it should not. How can she prevent it? If the disappointment is the result of a nan's duplicity, she should be thankful thes

one disappointment has freed her from a whole life of it; and if it is the result of a visitation of Providence, she should accept her sorrow resignedly and let time do the rest. Can a woman do this? Millions have done it. And been happy?

They have lived many years, and have been joy and comfort to all who have known them. Disappointment in love is not, then, the worst thing that can happen to a woman? Not by a great deal, if she knows how to andle it properly.

Do men like nice old maids? Silly young men don't. What men do? Sensible men.

Why don't they marry them then ? Some do, and some would be glad to, but the old maids are content to let well enough alone. Does an old maid run more risk in marrying than a young one does?

She is more likely to get a better man than the young one is, but she is less adaptable; and even the best man may prove irksome to

her, except under favorable circumstances. She has been free too long. How do you mean?

She has had only one person's wishes to comshit. When a woman marries and tries to conduct her married life simply by consulting her own wishes, she stands a chance of but ting her hear up against several stone walls. Isn't the life of an old maid very lonely?

Not if she tries to make it otherwise. How can she?

By keeping on the sunny side and letting the roses bloom in her heart and the blue sky show in her face.

Won't wrinkles cast shadows after a while? Why not?

Because the wrinkles are human and the sunshine is divine. You would make her the subject of a poem, would you?

would you?
She is a poem.
Sentimental or otherwise?
Mostly otherwise; one of those poems you happen on in newspape a unexpectedly, and out out for future reference.
But if every man thought thus, would there be any old maids?
It takes two to make a bargain.
You think then most old maids do not really care to marry?

tou think then most old maids do not ready care to marry?

That's about the size of it.

They are not so nice when they want to marry, are they?

A man needs an accident policy when that

kind comes around.

Why does that make such a difference?
It's against Scripture.

The Seripture says. "Thou shalt not covet."
or words to that effect.
The nice old maid is the flower of the flock?
She's a daisy.